THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, October 22, 1792.

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

BEING very sensible that you make it your study to communicate to your readers the most useful and entertaining pieces, and that you are always obliged to correspondents for valuable communications, I take the liberty to transmit you some curious particulars in the natural history of the elephant (extracted from the Philosophy of Natural History, by William Smellie), and am not the least doubtful of their being very acceptable to those juvenile perusers who have not the advantage of examining the whole work; and remain, Sir,

Your very humble, and

Most obedient servant,

P.

Castle-Cary, September, 1792.

Curious Particulars in the Natural History of the Elephant.

[From the Philosophy of Natural History, by Wm. Smellie.]

OF all the quadrupeds, of whose history and manners we have any proper knowledge, the elephant is most remarkable both for docility and understanding. Though his size is enormous, and his members rude and disproportioned, which give him, at first sight, the aspect of dullness and stupi-

dity, his genius is great, and his ſagacious manners, and his ſedate and collected deportment, are almoſt incredible. He is the largeſt and ſtrongeſt of all terreſtial animals. Though naturally brave, his diſpoſitions are mild and peaceable. He is an aſſociating animal, and ſeldom appears alone in the foreſts. When in danger, or when they undertake a depredatory expedition into cultivated fields, the elephants aſſemble in troops. The oldeſt takes the lead; the next in ſeniority brings up the rear; and the young and the feeble occupy the center. In the foreſts and ſolitudes they move with leſs precaution; but never ſeparate ſo far aſunder as to render them incapable of affording each mutual aſſiſtance when danger approaches.

A troop of elephants conſtitutes a moſt formidable band. Wherever they march, the foreſts ſeem to fall before them.—They bear down the branches upon which they feed; and, if they enter an incloſure, they ſoon deſtroy all the labours of the huſbandman. Their invaſions are the more tremendous, as there is hardly any means of repelling them; for, to attack a troop when thus united, would require a little army. It is only when one or two elephants happen to linger behind the reſt, that the hunters dare exert art and ingenuity in making an attack; for any attempt to diſturb the troop would certainly prove fatal to the aſſailants. When an inſult is offered, the elephants inſtantly move forward againſt the offender, toſs him in the air with their tuſks, and afterwards trample him to pieces under their feet, or rather pillars of fleſh and bone. Let not the character of this noble and majeſtic animal, however, be miſrepreſented. With force and dignity he reſents every affront; but, when not diſturbed by petulance or actual injury, he never ſhows an hoſtile intention either againſt man or any other animal. Elephants live entirely on vegetables, and have no thirſt for blood. Such is their ſocial and generous diſpoſition, that, when an individual chances to meet with a luxurious ſpot of paſture, he immediately calls to his companions, and invites them to partake of his good fortune.

The elephant poſſeſſes all the ſenſes in perfection: but, in the ſenſe of touching, he excels all the brute creation. His trunk is the chief inſtrument of this ſenſe. In an elephant of 14 feet high, the trunk is about eight feet long, and about five and an half in circumference at the baſe. It is a large fleſhy tube, divided through its whole extent by a ſeptum or partition. It is capable of motion in every direction. The animal can ſhorten or lengthen it at pleaſure. It anſwers every purpoſe of a hand; for it graſps large objects with great force, and its extremity can lay

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hold of a ſixpence, or even of a pin. The trunk of the elephant affords him the ſame means of addreſs as the ape. It ſerves the purpoſes of an arm and a hand. By this inſtrument, the elephant conveys large or ſmall bodies to his mouth, places them on his back, embraces them faſt, or throws them forcibly to a diſtance. In a ſtate of nature and perfect freedom, the diſpoſitions of the elephant are neither ſanguinary nor ferocious. They are gentle creatures, and never exert their ſtrength, or employ their weapons, but in defending themſelves or protecting their companions. Even when deprived of the inſtruction of men, they poſſeſs the ſagacity of the beaver, the addreſs of the ape, and the acuteneſs of the dog. To theſe mental talents are added the advantages of amazing bodily ſtrength, and the experience and knowledge he acquires by living at leaſt two centuries. With his trunk he tears up trees. By a puſh of his body he makes a breach in a wall. To this prodigious ſtrength he adds courage, prudence, and coolneſs of deportment. As he never makes an attack but when he receives an injury, he is univerſally beloved; and all animals reſpect, becauſe none have any reaſon to fear him. In all ages, men have entertained a veneration for the moſt magnificent and ſagacious of terreſtrial creatures. The ancients regarded him as a miracle of nature, and he is, in reality, one of her greateſt efforts. But they have greatly exaggerated his faculties. Without heſitation, they have aſcribed to him high intellectual powers and moral virtues. Pliny, Ælian, Plutarch, and other authors of a more modern date, have beſtowed on the elephant not only rational manners, but an innate religion, a kind of daily adoration of the ſun and moon, the uſe of ablution before worſhip, a ſpirit of divination, piety toward Heaven and their fellow creatures, whom they aſſiſt at the approach of death, and, after their deceaſe, bedew them with tears, and cover their bodies with earth.

When tame and inſtructed by man, the elephant is ſoon rendered the mildeſt and moſt obedient of all domeſtic animals. He loves his keeper, careſſes him, and anticipates his commands. He learns to comprehend ſigns, and even to underſtand the expreſſion of ſounds. He diſtinguiſhes the tones of command, of anger, and of approbation, and regulates his actions by his perceptions. The voice of his maſter he never miſtakes. His orders are executed with alacrity, but without any degree of precipitation. His movements are always meaſured and ſedate, and his character ſeems to correſpond with the gravity of his maſs. To accommodate thoſe who mount

him, he readily learns to bend his knees. With his trunk he ſalutes his friends, uſes it for raiſing burdens, and aſſiſts in loading himſelf. He loves to be clothed, and ſeems to be proud of gaudy trappings. In the ſouthern regions, he is employed in drawing waggons, ploughs, and chariots. "I was eye-witneſs," ſays P. Philippe, "to the following facts. At Goa, there are always ſome elephants employed in the building of ſhips. I one day went to the ſide of the river, near which a large ſhip was building in the city of Goa, where there is a large area filled with beams for that purpoſe. Some men tie the ends of the heavieſt beams with a rope, which is handed to the elephant, who carries it to his mouth, and, after twiſting it round his trunk, draws it, without any conductor, to the place where the ſhip is building, though it had only once been pointed out to him He ſometimes drew beams ſo large that more than twenty men would have been unable to move. But, what ſurpriſed me ſtill more, when other beams obſtructed the road, he elevated the ends of his own beams, that they might run eaſily over thoſe which lay in his way. Could the moſt enlightened man do more *?"

When at work, the elephant draws equally, and, if properly managed, never turns reſtive. The man who conducts the animal generally rides on his neck, and employs a hooked iron rod, or a bodkin, with which he pricks the head or ſides of the ears, in order to puſh the creature forward, or to make him turn, But words are commonly ſufficient. The attachment and affection of the elephant are ſometimes ſo ſtrong and durable that he has been known to die of grief, when, in an unguarded paroxyſm of rage, he had killed his guide.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Declaration of the Princes, his Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty's Brothers, and the Princes of the Blood, united with them; addreſſed to France, and to all Europe, and containing their Sentiments and Intentions.

Continued from Page 374.

THE moſt execrable means have been employed for three years paſt to form, ſupport, and progagate this fatal conſpiracy againſt all laws human and divine. Its authors began their

* Voyage d'Orient—page 367.

their reign by corruption, by artifice, and popular hypocrisy: they have maintained it by fire and sword. Their daggers and their incendiary torches threatened whoever dared to avow themselves attached to lawful authority. These novel factious innovators have employed in the conquest and the progress of their usurpations, all the poison of calumny, the inquisition of odious inquiry, the tyranny of oppressive means, the seduction of influence over credulity, and the terror of power over weakness.

Such are the arms with which they have dared to declare war against all empires, to openly proclaim their seditious doctrines, and to effect it by means of emissaries, disturbers of the people, preachers of regicide, and instigators to insurrections, which they have not blushed to call the most sacred of duties.

One would think that the remedy for such diabolical phrenzy would be found in the excesses which it has promoted, in the indignation which it excites, in the contempt which it deserves.

But its progress has pointed out to Sovereigns that it is high time to unite their forces, to check the contagion in its birth; to bring those to reason again by force, who no longer listen to its gentle voice; and strike with salutary terror those whom an unaccountable delirium renders insensible to the calamities they are suffering.

Who is there that would not be affected to see that once so flourishing kingdom, to which nature has been lavish in the means of making it such; that kingdom so rich in population, so fruitful in its productions, and which once abounded in money; so opulent from its resources and its commerce, from the industry of its inhabitants, and the advantages of its colonies; that kingdom provided with so many useful institutions, and whose happy abodes have been universally courted;—presenting at this moment nothing but the appearance of a barbarous country, given up to rapine, stained with bloody ruins, and deserted by its principal inhabitants;—an unorganised empire, torn with intestine distraction, stripped of all its riches, threatened with every species of scarcity, enervated from three years internal disorders, and on the brink of dissolution through anarchy; a nation without manners, police, or government; as little to be known again by its moral character, as by its political situation—having neither circulation of money, public revenue, credit, commerce, army, or justice, or any energy in the public strength? Mad wickedness has swept them all away.

How

How is it possible that the sad impression of so many ills should not have altered opinions, even those of the people themselves? Is there a person who can still shut his eyes against the disastrous effects of the revolution; or one who does not feel, and in some measure suffer more or less from it?

The husbandman who has been intoxicated with the deceitful hope of paying no more taxes, beholds himself overwhelmed with contributions, and pays double what he did before.

The artificer groans under the languor of labour and the dearness of provisions.

The tradesman is ruined by the removal of his best customers; the merchant by the devastation of our best colonies! and both by the evil of paper-currency and a general want of credit.

The holder of property, sacrificed to a multitude destitute of property, and stripped with impunity by authorised rapine, is continually exposed to that mob of plunderers whom the factious have made their tools, their allies, and their protectors.

The stockholder, although less to be pitied than others, shares in like manner the public misfortunes. He trembles for his stock, and that bankruptcy of which the authors of our troubles have so perfidiously and slanderously imputed the intention to the King and the Government; that bankruptcy which in a kingdom like France can never be a matter of necessity, and which an enlightened administration will always consider as a false resource. He perceives it operating since the revolution, by the suspension of legal exactions; by the breach of a multitude of public engagements; by the delays and formalities to which the payment of rents is subject; by the depreciation of assignats; finally from the impossibility of fulfilling engagements so long as France shall be without a government, and taxes demanded of armed contributors in the name of a despicable Administration.

Thus has a general calamity extended for three years past over all ranks of people. Thus the very sources of power and prosperity have disappeared; and thus have both its military force and its political consequence fallen.

Thus have vanished the eighty millions which St. Domingo produced; the resources which the ports of France derived from its commerce; the sale that this grand establishment yielded to her commodities and to her manufactures; the nursery it was for her seamen; in a word, the fortunes of

20,000

20,000 families, and the employment of ſeveral millions of men, are loſt.

To purchaſe liberty at the price of ſo many loſſes, ſo many misfortunes both public and private, is doubtleſs paying too dear for it:—But what liberty is it? Can any exiſt without a protecting authority? And was there ever a time that this people, whoſe liberty and even Sovereignty are ſo cried up, were leſs free and leſs maſters of their actions than now?

Were individuals ever leſs certain of preſerving their property, their lives, and their honour? Was there ever ſeen, even in Nero's days, ſuch devaſtation, ſuch inquiſitorial examinations, ſo many oppreſſive ſhackles, ſo many violations of the moſt ſacred ſanctuaries, ſo many maſſacres of citizens? Are the 30,000 aſſaſſins who have ſignalized the reign of democratic tyranny, proofs of the reign of liberty?

Oh! too credulous Frenchmen! Oh! too unhappy country! While we are deſirous of aboliſhing the cauſe of the evils which overwhelm you; when we are marching againſt the baſe faction which has given riſe to them; when we unite our armies with the forces of powers whoſe aſſiſtance we have implored againſt your tyrannical oppreſſors, can you look upon us as your enemies?

No, no, you behold in us fellow-countrymen who wiſh to become your deliverers.

The two Sovereigns, with whoſe aſſiſtance we are advancing towards you, have declared through their hero, the Commander in Chief of their armies,—"That they have no other object in view but the welfare of France, without meaning to enrich themſelves at her expence by conqueſt; that they do not mean to interfere in the internal government of the kingdom; but that they wiſh ſolely to liberate the King, the Queen, and the Royal Family, from their captivity, and preſerve to his Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty that ſecurity neceſſary to enable him to do, without danger and without obſtacle, what he may think fit for ſecuring the happineſs of his ſubjects according to his promiſes."

Theſe generous, theſe magnanimous declarations, in which the Kings of the Houſe of Bourbon, our auguſt couſins; our much-honoured father-in-law, the Neſtor of Sovereigns; the Heroine of the North, our ſublime protectreſs; and the young heir of the unfortunate Guſtavus, whoſe bloody tomb we all bathe with our tears, equally participate; enſure to theſe illuſtrious confederates the immortal palm due to the defenders of a cauſe, which is at the ſame time the cauſe of Kings, of good order,

order, and humanity; and at the ſame time ſhow you, O Frenchmen, that the forces which we join, are for you rather than ourſelves; that they are only formidable to guilt, that they will attack nothing but obſtinate rebellion, and that by coming over to us, rather than reſiſt their ſuperiority, you will only return to your reaſon and to your duty, your deareſt intereſts inviting you to it.

It is in full aſſurance of this, that we think ourſelves juſtified in joining our ſtandard to thoſe of Foreign Powers. By publiſhing their intentions, they have ſhown the propriety of the ſtep we are taking; and our wiſhes for their ſucceſs are mixed with thoſe which we are conſtantly entertaining for the welfare of our country.

The factious, your real enemies as well as our's, have told you that we were animated with violent and implacable reſentments; that we breathe nothing but vengeance, carnage, and proſcription; and that there was no mercy to be expected from a Nobility too juſtly offended not to be deaf to the calls of it.

Thoſe who tell you this, Frenchmen, are the men who for three years paſt have been in the habit of deceiving you, who have made it their principal ſtudy, who have eſtabliſhed ſhops for lies and falſe news, which the orators of the Tribunes promulgate, the Clubs believe, and the Revolution libelliſts ſpread far and wide.

Intereſted in alienating you from thoſe with whoſe pure and unalterable attachment to the King, and the fundamental principles of Monarchy, they are acquainted; they ſtrive to raiſe your hatred againſt your emigrated countrymen; they abuſe not being able to ſeduce us; and to deſtroy the fondneſs you have for the heirs of a name, dear to you for many ages back, they endeavour to terrify you with the intentions with which (they ſay) we are coming into the kingdom.

But be no longer the dupes of their guilty arts: We ſolemnly declare to you, and all Europe is witneſs to what we declare, as well in our names as in thoſe of all the French who are marching with us, and who are of our way of thinking, that, united to deliver the King and the people from the deſpotiſm of uſurpers, we do not ſeparate ourſelves from thoſe who have the ſame intention; that no ſpirit of particular vengeance guides our ſteps; that we are very far from confounding the nation with the perverſe ſeducers who have led it aſtray; and that, leaving to juſtice the care of puniſhing the guilty, we

come

come to hold out our hands to all thoſe who, renouncing their errors, ſhall immediately return to their duty.

The emigrated French have not taken arms to recover by the ſword the rights which violence has wreſted from them; it will belong to the King, when liberated, to reſtore them; they will willingly lay at the foot of his unſhackled throne the care of their own intereſts; and we, the firſt Citizens of the State, will give to all an example of ſubmiſſion to juſtice, and his Majeſty's will.

But being born hereditary defenders of the throne of our anceſtors, faithful to the religion of our forefathers, attached to the fundamental maxims of monarchy, we will rather ſhed the laſt drop of our blood than abandon any of theſe high intereſts. Our ſentiments already expreſſed in our letter of the 10th of laſt December, and recapitulated in a few words in our publication of the 30th of October are unchangeable. The proteſtations we made then, we now repeat again; inſpired by honour, engraven on our hearts from duty, nothing ſhall ever be able to move us.

We will not go a point beyond that; and the ſupport of the Courts whoſe formidable armies ſurround France on every ſide, adds nothing to our firſt wiſhes and intentions.

Adhering fully to the ſpirit of moderation, with which their Imperial and Pruſſian Majeſties have juſt publiſhed a ſolemn Declaration which does honour to, and will immortalize the uſe they make of their power;

We declare moreover again, under their auſpices—" That our only object, is to redemand from the uſurpers—the Monarch, and the Monarchy; the freedom of the Auguſt Head of the ſtate, and that of his people; public order and the protective power of individual right; our ancient laws; our manners, our religion, national honour, juſtice, peace, and ſecurity.

Is there a rational Frenchman who does not agree with us in theſe views? Is there one who does not join with us in demanding an end of the frightful chaos, into which the factious have plunged all the branches of Adminiſtration; the eſtabliſhment of the finances devoured by the vileſt depredations; the re-conſtitution of the public revenue deſtroyed through unſkilful adminiſtration of it; a permanent and regular order of things which may cloſe the pit that has ſwallowed up three thouſand millions of ſtock; the ſecurity of ſtate creditors, and the reſtoration of credit, which may, and ought to operate by a ſtrict reform in the expenditure, and by the ſup-

preſſion (which the King has always had in view) of abuſes which were long ago introduced into the Conſtitution;—abuſes, which it is not eaſy to wipe away, but which thoſe who have overturned every thing, even ſo as to change the ideas and ſentiments of men, have affected to confound with the Government itſelf.

In thus expreſſing our wiſhes, which are no otherwiſe guided than by that common intereſt which the whole nation, by its Repreſentatives, pronounced to be one, we have reaſon to hope that all thoſe who are not ſeditiouſly inclined, all that are not inimical to Royalty, inimical to legitimate authority and public tranquillity, will not heſitate a moment to join us; and that a very great majority of the inhabitants of the kingdom, hitherto reſtrained by the terror of popular tyranny, or uneaſineſs about what will become of them at laſt, having now the proſpect of being protected againſt both, will ſoon flock to the Royal Standard which we are following.

Full of this confidence, and convinced that in France there can be but two parties, the King's, of which we are the head during his captivity; and that of the factious, which comprehends all the different innovators, ſome of whom have undertaken to overſet the throne, and others to degrade it; we exhort all thoſe who have not partaken of the crimes of the factious, all thoſe who having been merely led aſtray, who do not wiſh to be the accomplices of furious uſurpers, in deſtroying or perverting the French Government, all thoſe who abhor that atrocious doctrine which tends to diſturb the peace of all nations; we beſeech them to be of one and the ſame mind with us, not to diſpute on the mode of regulating the State, when the queſtion is to fight together againſt thoſe who wiſh to deſtroy it; and to acknowledge that if it is neceſſary to correct the abuſes which time introduces into the beſt inſtitutions, all innovations in the primæval principles of a Government, which antiquity renders reſpectable, is always dangerous, and almoſt always fatal. We have no doubt but the Biſhops, eſpecially thoſe in the frontier provinces, will redouble their zeal at this moment to ſtrengthen the courage of the Paſtors, whom the flight of the intruders will ſoon put into poſſeſſion of the exerciſe of their duties, and to excite their dioceſans to avert by a ſpeedy ſubmiſſion, the ſtorm that is ready to burſt upon their heads.

We give to the King's troops the moſt preſſing invitations, and even orders (which the ſtate of captivity in which his Majeſty is, authoriſes us to give in his name), that, conforma-

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bly to the ſummons contained in the 3d article of the Declaration of his Serene Highneſs the Reigning Duke of Brunſwick, and without looking upon themſelves as bound by an illuſory oath, which they could not willingly take to the prejudice of their Supreme Chief, they will loſe no time in returning to their ancient fidelity to their lawful Sovereign; that, after the example of the greateſt part of their officers, they will join the troops which we, his Majeſty's brothers, command for him; that they will give us free paſſage to march to his aſſiſtance, and that they give him, in conjunction with us, proofs of an inviolable attachment to his ſervice.

We expreſsly require, in the King's name, (as being at this moment the neceſſary medium through which his will is to be made known), all Commanders of towns, citadels, and fortreſſes, throughout the kingdom, to open their gates and deliver up the keys on the firſt ſummons which ſhall be given by us, or by the general officers who may be the bearers of our orders to that effect; as alſo to give free admiſſion to the troops which ſhall preſent themſelves to aſſiſt us in taking poſſeſſion in the name of the King our Brother. If, contrary to our expectation, any of theſe Commanders ſhall refuſe it, they ſhall be perſonally anſwerable for the conſequences, tried for diſobedience to the King, and treated as rebels.

The inhabitants of places and forts, as well as the troops in garriſon, who ſhall oppoſe and diſobey the Chiefs and Commanders who would bring them back to their duty, ſhall be puniſhed as traitors, and have neither favour nor mercy to expect.

The voice of Henry the Fourth's deſcendants will not be diſowned by the French army; we are already informed in part of its good will; and we know that, bluſhing to follow the Chiefs of a conſpiracy whom it deſpiſes, it only waits a favourable moment to make its juſt indignation burſt upon thoſe corruptors who diſhonour it.

That moment is at hand; and we have good ground to believe, that as ſoon as the troops of the line advance towards them, the corps of French Cavaliers, led by the Bourbons, and preceded by that ancient banner which was always the ſignal of honour to our army; the voice of the public opinion for fourteen centuries paſt, will make itſelf be heard in their ranks, as well as in our own; that they will flock to their ancient colours, and at the ſight of the untarniſhed and immortal purity of the Fleurs-de-Lys, they will quit with horror the diſgraceful colours adopted by fanaticiſm.

 Oh,

Oh, may we thus terminate, without ſpilling the blood of our fellow-citizens, a war which is only directed againſt criminal and obſtinate reſiſtance! May the ſeditious inhabitants of the capital be reſtrained by the fear of the moſt juſt and the moſt terrible vengeance, with which their Imperial and Pruſſian Majeſties have declared they will overwhelm that guilty city, in caſe "the leaſt violence or inſult be offered to the King, the Queen, and the Royal Family, or in caſe their ſecurity, their preſervation, and their liberty, is not immediately provided for.

God forbid that impious villainy ſhould dare to brave theſe threats! if ſuch atrocity—our very blood boils and ſhudders at the thought!—let us hope, rather hope that chimeras are near a concluſion, that the bandage will drop from all eyes, and that reaſon will reſume its reign. It is our moſt earneſt wiſh, and we pray to the God of Juſtice and Peace, that the ſubmiſſion of the factious may ſpare us the neceſſity of fighting them: But if that neceſſity ſhould be inevitable, if we muſt fight the enemies of the altar and the throne, we will invoke with confidence the aſſiſtance of the God of armies.

Given at Head Quarters, near Treves,
the 8th day of Auguſt, 1792.

LOUIS-STANISLAUS XAVIER (MONSIEUR), *a Son of France, and Brother to the King.*

CHARLES PHILIPPE (Count D'ARTOIS), *a Son of France, and Brother to the King.*

LOUIS ANTHONY D'ARTOIS, *Duke d'Angouleme, a Grandſon of France.*

CHARLES FERDINAND D'ARTOIS, *Duke de Berry. a Grandſon of France.*

LOUIS JOSEPH DE BOURBON, *Prince of Conde.*

LOUIS HENRY JOSEPH DE BOURBON, *Duke of Bourbon.*

LOUIS JOSEPH DE BOURBON, *Duke of Enghien.*

A FRAGMENT.

[From the French of Marmontel.]

ONE evening, when we were ſitting at the foot of the bridge, a man of the lower order of people, with grey hair, and a lame leg, and hardly able to get on with the help of a ſtick, paſſed before us, followed by a young water-ſpaniel, and

and ſaid to the woman in whoſe company I was, " Ladies, will you buy my dog ?"—As each of them had her own, and as his was not of the kind women are fond of, they anſwered they did not want one.

Then coming up to me, he ſaid, in a more preſſing tone of entreaty, " Do, Sir, buy my dog."—" I would have bought it inſtantly," ſaid Juliet. This amiable movement ought, I muſt confeſs, Miſs, to have preceded reflection; but kindneſs is not ſo active a ſentiment in every heart as it is in your's. My firſt word was a refuſal, ſoftened, however, by all the reſpect due to the unfortunate.

The old man ſtood for a moment motionleſs before me; he caſt on me a look of ſadneſs and left me diſcontented with myſelf.

As he walked ſlowly up the bridge, I had time to diſcover the cauſe of the confuſed reproach conveyed by his eyes, and repeated by my own heart. At the very ſame inſtant I recollected that my friend, the Count de C——, had loſt a dog he was very fond of. As I thought that the capacity of a water-ſpaniel was not inferior to the ſagacity of the Siberian dog my friend had loſt, I determined he ſhould have it, and called back the old man.

" What do you aſk for your dog ?" ſaid I. " What you pleaſe," ſaid he. Here, Miſs, it would be eaſy to make my ſelf appear liberal, by embelliſhing the truth; but I rather chooſe to confeſs that I was not very generous. I was not rich, and a piece of ſix livres was all I had about me at that moment. I offered it to him; he accepted it without any marks of repugnance, and ſaid, when he received it, " The dog is your's"—" But," ſaid I, " he will get away; I have no ſtring to lead him by."—" It is, however, neceſſary to have one," ſaid he, " for otherwiſe he would follow me." Then undoing his garter, he called his dog, took it in his arms, and ſet it upon the balluſtrade of the bridge. " You make me ſhudder," ſaid Juliet; " it fell into the water." Don't be afraid, Miſs; the dog did not fall; it let its maſter put his garter round its neck, and I perceived that while tying it, the old man's hands trembled. This I attributed to age; for his countenance, which I obſerved attentively, did not change. But when he had tied the knot, I ſaw him let his head fall upon his dog, and hiding his forehead in its rough hair, and with his mouth glewed to its body, he hung over it for ſome minutes mute and motionleſs.

I ſtepped

I ſtepped up to him—"What is the matter, friend?" ſaid I. "Nothing," ſaid he lifting up his head; "it will ſoon be over. And I ſaw his face all bathed in tears—"You ſeem to feel a great deal of regret at parting with your dog."—"Alas! yes; he is the only friend I had in the world. We never were aſunder. It was he who guarded me when I was aſleep on the road; and when he ſaw me ſuffering and forſaken, the poor beaſt pitied me, and comforted me with his careſſes. He loved me ſo much, that I can do no leſs than love him. But all this ſignifies nothing, Sir, the dog is your's." And then he gave me the end of the garter he had tied round its neck. "You muſt ſuppoſe me to be very cruel, if you think me capable of depriving you of a faithful friend, and of the only one you have in the world." He did not inſiſt any longer; but he wanted to return me the miſerable crown. I told him to keep the crown and the dog, and at laſt got the better of his reſiſtance. Then I ſaw his knees bend.—"Oh! Sir, I owe you my life. It is hunger that has reduced me to this cruel extremity."

AN ANECDOTE.

SOME letters addreſſed to the Duke of Brunſwick, which appeared in one of the London papers, have been tranſlated into ſeveral papers of the Continent, and were printed in the Gazette at Stockholm. The Imperial and Pruſſian Envoys complained to the Duke Regent of theſe letters, as tending to excite ſentiments in the people injurious to their Royal maſters, to the laudable objects on which they were employed, and to the ſovereign rights of Royalty in general. The Duke Regent ſummoned the printer to anſwer to the charge in his Privy Council. The printer made this bold defence. "Theſe letters," he ſaid, made their firſt appearance in England. They are evidently the production of a philoſopher, whoſe heart is animated by the virtuous love of human kind. They breathe the ſentiments of immutable truth—the pure deductions of the glorious principles upon which the ſyſtem of Britiſh government is built. Why were they not complained of in England, where they firſt appeared? Why? Becauſe in England there is a free preſs—becauſe there is juſtice adminiſtered by the uninfluenced voice of the fellow citizens of every citizen accuſed." The Regent heard the printer without interruption, and made this ſhort reply—"I have declared that the preſs is free in Sweden, under the reſtrictions which are due to morality.

You

You ſhall find that juſtice is as ſurely adminiſtered in Sweden as in England. I have read the letters complained of—they do not violate the principles of morality. The author who examines with liberality the motives and acts of Kings upon which wars are to be undertaken, and the world to be doomed to the calamities inſeparable from its rage, not only deſerves well of his country, but of human kind—for the cauſe that will not bear a candid examination, muſt be a bad cauſe. You are free."

The above anecdote affords an excellent leſſon to Princes and printers, and exhibits a manly and ſpirited behaviour on the part of the printer, as well as the magnanimity of true greatneſs on the part of the Duke Regent.

Copy of the Preſentment of the Grand Jury of Peterborough to the Worſhipful Juſtices holding the Michaelmas Quarter Seſſions for the City of Peterborough, October 3. 1792.

"WE, the Grand Jury for the above-named city, after having to the beſt of our abilities diſcharged thoſe duties for which we were called together, humbly beg leave to ſubmit to the Bench a general preſentment of ſuch nuiſances as in our opinions affect the well-being of the city; and which call for an exertion of the extenſive powers veſted in magiſtracy, to detect and remove.

"It is univerſally deemed far more humane, as well as more effectual in promoting the intereſts of morality, and the general good of ſociety, to check the firſt ſteps to vice, than to puniſh delinquents after the perpetration of offences. The only precarious good to be expected from puniſhment is, to deter others from expoſing themſelves to it; but whether this good effect reſults or not, puniſhment is poſitive ruin to the objects of it. They are thus marked out for the deteſtation of their neighbours; and of courſe, all emulation, all ſenſe of ſhame, is deadened in themſelves; and they are hardened in guilt by having nothing but a continuance in vice to truſt to for ſubſiſtence. Under a full conviction of this momentous truth, we reſpectfully preſume to repreſent the following nuiſances as deſtructive to the morals of the riſing generation in this city.

"We preſent it as a nuiſance for public houſes to harbour apprentice-boys in tippling, card-playing, and other riotous extravagancies, inſtances of which have come to our knowledge; but

but we wish not to enter into any retrospect, aiming only to guard against the like evils in future: such habits of licentious dissipation, especially on Sabbath days, being injurious to their own health and welfare, as well as to the integrity due to their masters.

"We present as nuisances the mode of disposing goods by what is called raffling; all tables opened for playing at unlawful games, whether in public or private houses, more especially during fair time: it being openly declared, that during the races previous to the last Petermass fair, not fewer than seven or eight E. O. tables were kept in various parts of the town, adapted to all ranks of adventurers.

"We present also the lotteries occasionally introduced into the town at the stages of mountebanks and other itinerant adventurers; practices no less repugnant to good policy than to positive laws provided against them, draining the poor of their hard earned pittances, to the injury of their families, and by tempting servants to wrong their masters, for the means of indulging a spirit of gambling, at all times and every where too prevalent.

"We finally present as a gross nuisance, the annual bull-runnings openly and formally held in the market-place; and which obstruct the thoroughfare of the town by scenes of riot and outrage, manifestly destructive of that spirit of humanity in which only the moral virtues can take root; and totally subversive of that religion we all profess, and which instructs us to found our hopes of mercy in the practice of mercy. The savage ferocity cherished by this brutal sport, is instilled into the tender minds of children, who are trained up by these yearly lessons in propensities not very favourable to their future humanity, sobriety, and industry.—But we forbear to enlarge on a subject that might with more propriety and effect come from the pulpit, at the solemn season of the year so fully perverted by these disgraceful exhibitions.

"The nuisances here pointed out we justly consider as the preparatory steps to more atrocious acts; for vice is progressive, it not being usual for persons to become enormously wicked at once. In this serious view they are submitted to the wisdom of a Court fully competent to judge of the proper means of removing them; under a persuasion that they need only be mentioned to claim all the attention wished for."

The thanks of the Court were given to the Grand Jury, for their zealous endeavours to promote the interests of morality and the general good of the inhabitants of Peterborough.

Translation

TRANSLATION *of* GRAY's ELEGY.

By Mr. PERCEVAL.

LE curfew *tinte au loin le triſte glas du jour,*
Le taureau de douleur en mugit dans la plaine;
Le laboureur s'empreſſe et hâtant ſon retour,
Me laiſſe l'univers et la nuit et ma peine.

Le brillant horizon fuit ſous l'obſcurité,
Tout ſemble anéanti, tout eſt dans le ſilence,
Hors l'eſcarbot dans l'air de ſon vol agité,
Et l'airain moniteur dans les parcs en diſtance.

De cette tour encor qui s'élève ici près,
Au flambeau de la nuit la chouette ſolitaire
Se plaint de l'importun qui d'un pied indiſcret,
Trouble de ſes états le ſilence ordinaire.

A l'ombre de cet if, au pied de cet ormeau,
Où le gazon verdit tant de tas de pouſſière,
En ſa tombe giſſant chaque ayeul du hameau
A pour jamais fermé les yeux à la lumière.

Sherborne Grammar School.

(To be continued.)

On the poiſonous Nature of Muſhrooms.

By Dr. J. T. TOZETTI.

DURING my reſidence at Piſa there happened a very tragical event. There were then in that city ſome people from Lorraine who were waiting until habitations ſhould be prepared for them at Maſſa de Maremma. Some of them having gone, according to cuſtom, to cut wood in the foreſt of St. Roſſora, gathered all the muſhrooms which they found in the buſhes, and on their return home dreſſed them, and ate them for ſupper. Seventeen of theſe unhappy perſons, of different ſexes and ages, partook of this repaſt; but on the Friday morning following they all began, ſome ſooner and ſome later, to feel very acute, darting pains in their ſtomachs. Some of them threw up their food with a little froth; but others did not throw up at all. In the night between Friday and Saturday, nine of them died; and I learned that ſome more died afterwards, whoſe end was

accompanied with different ſymptoms. Some remained as if ſtupid; other had a vertigo; and ſome died raving. I do not, however, know whether any of them died with convulſions, or with ſpots on the ſkin, and a ſwelling or tenſion of the lower belly. The force of the poiſon reſiſted thoſe remedies which are uſually employed in ſuch caſes, though they were adminiſtered with every poſſible care and attention by Dr. Dominico Barzanti. This fatal accident inſpired me with a deſire of examining the ravage which the poiſon had cauſed in the bowels of theſe unfortunate people; and Dr. Barzanti complied with my wiſhes; but as the reſt of the bodies had been interred, though I had only one anatomical knife, and no other inſtrument or neceſſary convenience, we opened, at Camp Santo, the body of a young woman of fifteen, who had for ſome time laboured under a bad habit of body, and whoſe liver and ſpleen were ſwelled and obſtructed. The body, externally, exhibited no extraordinary appearance; it was neither ſwelled nor covered with ſpots. When opened, the blood ſeemed to be of that colour which it aſſumes when boiled; and it flowed only in a ſmall quantity; but I am not certain whether this was not occaſioned by the ill ſtate of the juices. The ſtomach and inteſtines were not in the leaſt ſwelled, and their colour was not even changed externally. The lungs were livid, as is generally the caſe in dead bodies. The heart appeared flabby, but it had no other ſign of diſeaſe. On opening the body and inteſtines we remarked that the internal ſuperfices of the bottom of the latter, to the breadth of ſix inches, and almoſt all that of the duodenum, were covered with red ſpots, like thoſe obſerved on perſons who have the meaſles. In the interior part of the ſtomach we found only a ſmall quantity of yellowiſh foam. As we had no inſtruments for opening the cranium, it was not poſſible for us to carry our obſervations farther. We could not, however, among the muſhrooms of various kinds which theſe people had gathered, diſcover which were the poiſonous ſpecies; nor were there any remains of them which could aſſiſt us in acquiring a knowledge of their noxious qualities.

Curious Anecdotes of the Recovery of Ancient Manuſcripts.

IT was a Florentine who found, buried in a heap of duſt, and in a rotten coffer belonging to the monaſtery of Saint Gal, the works of Quintilian; and, by this fortunate diſcovery, gave them to the republic of letters.

Papirius

Papirius Maſſon found, in the houſe of a book-binder of Lyons, the works of Agobart. The mechanic was on the point of uſing the manuſcripts to line the covers of his books.

Raimond Soranzo, a celebrated lawyer in the papal court at Avignon, about the middle of the fourteenth century, had in his poſſeſſion the two books of Cicero on Glory. He made a preſent of them to Petrarch, who lent them to an aged and poor man of letters, formerly his preceptor. Urged by extreme poverty, the old man pawned them; and, returning home, died ſuddenly, without having revealed where he had left them; ſince which time they have never been recovered.

Leonard Aretin was one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed ſcholars at the dawn of literature; but he has done that which reflects on him great diſhonour. He found a Greek manuſcript of Procopius de Bello Gothico. This he tranſlated into Latin, and publiſhed the work as his own. Since, however, other manuſcripts of the ſame work have been diſcovered; and the fraud of Leonard Aretin is apparent.

Machiaval acted more adroitly in a ſimilar caſe. A manuſcript of the Apopthegms of the ancients, by Plutarch, having fallen into his hands, he ſelected thoſe which pleaſed him, and put them into the mouth of one of his heroes.

A page of the ſecond Decade of Livy was found by a man of letters on the parchment of his battledore, as he was amuſing himſelf in the country. He ran directly to the maker of the battledore, but arrived too late; the man had finiſhed the laſt page of Livy, in compleating a large order for theſe articles about a week before.

Sir Robert Cotton, being one day at his tailor's, diſcovered that the man held in his hand, ready to be cut up for meaſures, the original Magna Charta, with all its appendages of ſeals and ſignature. He bought this ſingular curioſity for a trifle; and recovered, in this manner, what had long been given over for loſt.

Anſwer, by W. W. of Sturminſter, to Furze Stub's Enigma, inſerted Auguſt 6.

I'VE read your dark enigma over,
The myſtic meaning to reveal;
Soon a CHAIR I did diſcover,
Would ſolve what you ſtrove to conveal.

*** We have received the like anſwer from J. Collins, of Uffculm; and M. Barrett, H. Croſs, and T. T. S. of the city of Exeter.

Anſwer, by J. M. A. near Sherborne, to M. Barrett's Anagram, inſerted Auguſt 13.

THE grain is *Oat*, add *C* thereto,
A *Coat* will then appear in view;
Change *C* for *D*, and then tranſpoſe it right,
Then TOAD a reptile it will bring to ſight.

†‡† We have received the like anſwer from J. B. Chivers, of St. Auſtle; D. G. of Chard; R. Craze, of Chard academy; T. W. of South Petherton; J. Ryder, Marſh Mill, near Plymouth; T. Littleton, Loſtwithiel; W. Croggon, of Grampond; T. K. of Gulvall; F. I. of Totnes; W. H. of Dean Prior; W. Lewis, of Newnham Park Houſe; T. D. Croſs; W. Smith, Grampond; Aegon, St. Stephens; S. Hill, Dawliſh; W. Brewer, and A. Apſey, of Taunton; Philagathus, Dartington; T. Walker, Hemyock; T. Scadding, of Wellington; H. Croſs, and T. T. S. of Exeter; J. Crees, J. Savidge, and W. Willing, all of Ridgway ſchool; R. Salter, Bodmin; M. Barrett, Kingſand; J. K. C. near Wells; J. Salter, Payhembury; S. Major, Colyton; Fidelio, Bath; A. Pinn, Exmouth; and T. W. near Wiveliſcombe.

Anſwer, by R. Craze, of Chard Academy, to S. Hugo's Anagram, inſerted Auguſt 13.

DENIAL if you right tranſpoſe,
The prophet DANIEL you'll diſcloſe.

‖†‖ We have received the like anſwer from T. Littleton, of Loſtwithiel; W. Brewer, of Taunton; T. Walker, of Hemyock; and M. Barrett, of Kingſand.

Anſwer, by W. H. of Dean Prior, to the Charade, inſerted Sept. 10.

YOUR firſt and ſecond join'd aright,
A SAUCE-PAN they'll preſent to ſight.

‖*‖ R. C. B. has ſent the like anſwer.

A QUESTION.

A QUESTION, *taken from Horsfield's Lady's Diary for the present Year, and inserted at the Request of John Arthur, schoolmaster, at Egloshayle.*

SURVEYING a four sided field in latitude 54° 30′ north, April 20, 1791, at half past five, P. M. a tree at the corner A. 66 feet high, casts a shadow just the length of the side A B. and the other sides measured as follows, viz. B. C. = 506 links, C. D. = 364, and A. D. = 276; also the angle A. a right angle.—Required the Area.

N. B. The above is a real case, which actually happened in surveying the aforesaid field.

An ANAGRAM, *by Fidelio, of Bath.*

COME, bards, your mystic skill exert,
Find out a bird, the same invert,
And then will unto view arise
A character we should despise;
Which if transpos'd will sure explain
A piece of money us'd in Spain;
Transpose once more, you'll have express'd,
The place's name where boars do rest.

A CHARADE, *by W. W. of Sturminster Newton.*

MARK yon steep hillock, or the cultur'd field,
Where Ceres doth her golden harvest yield;
For there the rustic youths, my first to gain
Pursue their toil thro' days of sleet and rain.

When Pomona pours plenty from her horn,
And purple fruit the spreading trees adorn;
Beneath my second oft the partridge hies,
For to elude the sportsman's prying eyes.

Unite these parts, and then you will display,
Ingenious bards, a well-known rural play.

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*** *Enigmatical lists of the names of young ladies generally give offence, and cannot, therefore, have a place.*

POETRY.

POETRY.

Ode to a Fly taken out of a Bowl of Punch.

By PETER PINDAR, *Esq.*

AH! poor intoxicated little knave,
Now ſenſeleſs, floating on the fragrant wave;
  Why not content alone the cakes to munch?
Dearly thou pay'ſt for buzzing round the bowl;
Loſt to the world, thou buſy, ſweet-lipp'd ſoul—
  Thus Death, as well as Pleaſure, dwells with punch.

Now let me take thee out and moralize—
Thus 'tis with mortals, as it is with flies,
  For ever hankering after Pleaſure's cup:
Tho' fate, with all his legions be at hand,
The beaſts the draughts of Circe can't withſtand,
  But in goes every noſe—they muſt, will ſup.
Mad are the paſſions, as a colt untam'd!
  When Prudence mounts their backs, to ride them mild,
They fling, they ſnort, they foam, they riſe inflam'd,
  Inſiſting on their own ſole will ſo wild.

Gadſbud, my buzzing friend, thou art not dead;
The Fates, ſo kind, have not yet ſnipp'd thy thread—
By heav'ns, thou mov'ſt a leg, and now its brother,
And kicking, lo! again thou mov'ſt another!

And now thy little drunken eyes uncloſe;
And now thou feeleſt for thy little noſe,
  And finding it, thou rubbeſt thy two hands;
Much as to ſay, "I'm glad I'm here again"—
And well may'ſt thou rejoice—'tis very plain,
  That near wert thou to Death's unſocial lands.
And now thou rolleſt on thy back about,
Happy to find thyſelf alive no doubt—
  Now turneſt—on the table making rings;

Now

Now crawling, forming a wet track,
Now ſhaking the rich liquor from thy back,
Now flutt'ring nectar from thy ſilken wings:

Now ſtanding on thy head, thy ſtrength to find,
And poking out thy ſmall, long legs behind;
And now thy pinions doſt thou briſkly ply;
Preparing now to leave me—Farewell, Fly!

Go, join thy brothers, on yon ſunny board,
And rapture to thy family afford—
There wilt thou meet a miſtreſs or a wife,
That ſaw thee drunk, drop ſenſeleſs in the ſtream;
Who gave, perhaps, the wide-reſounding ſcream,
And now ſits groaning for thy precious life.
Yes, go and carry comfort to thy friends,
And wiſely tell them thy imprudence ends.

Let buns and ſugar for the future charm;
Theſe will delight, and feed, and work no harm—
Whilſt punch, the grinning merry imp of ſin,
Invites th' unwary wand'rer to a kiſs,
Smiles in his face, as tho' he meant him bliſs,
Then, like an alligator, drags him in.

Stanzas, written July 22, 1782, and addreſſed to a young Gentleman.

SEE the ſky flames! how fierce the beams of noon
Pour their wide ſplendours on the yellow hill;
But roſy hours fly faſt, dim autumn ſoon
Shall from her drizzling urn the gay green valley fill.

Pale billows then ſhall caſt a ſickly gleam
Thro' the thin umbrage of the rifled groves,
Where ruſtling leaves, thick ſhow'ring, ſwell the ſtream
That drenches the torn mead, and widens as it roves.

With many a riſing ſigh for pleaſure flown,
We view the deſtin'd ravage, cold and drear;
But let a few more months be paſt and gone,
And the ſweet hour of ſpring ſhall renovate the year.

But

But, ah! no minſtrel of the merry morn
Shall wake to joy the icy ſleep of age;
No purple wreaths the palſied brow adorn—
Or chaſe of pain and death the deſolate preſage.

Like broken luſtres in the golden weſt,
Now auburn tints gleam ſunny in thy hair,
And youth's warm ſpirit, dancing in thy breaſt,
Looks thro' thy ſhining eyes, and animates thy air.

Seize the awaken'd moments, as they ſpeed
Thy light gay bark to age's torpid wave;
And with th' exalted thought, the generous deed,
Quick from Oblivion's gulph thy reſcued memory ſave.

The man, whoſe name on virtuous lips ſhall dwell,
Diſdains to think the mortal lot ſevere;
Nor heeds the darkneſs of the narrow cell—
Fame and the ſummer morn ſhall gild his paſſage there.

On the Affectation of modern Authors.

OH for the good old times! when all was new,
And every hour brought prodigies to view;
Our ſires in unaffected language told
Of ſtreams of amber, and of rocks of gold:
Full of their theme, they ſpurn'd all idle art,
And truſted the plain ſtory of the heart.
Now all is chang'd! We fume and fret, poor elves!
Leſs to diſplay our ſubject than our ſelves:
Whate'er we paint—a grot, a flow'r, a bird,
Heavens, how we ſweat, laboriouſly abſurd!
Words of gigantic bulk, and uncouth ſound,
In rattling triads the long ſentence bound;
While points with points, with periods periods jar,
And the whole work ſeems one continued war.

Lines occaſioned by hearing an excellent Organ.

THE docile air in echoing priſon pent,
Confin'd in ſpace, here breathes and pants for vent,
And grateful pays with many a dulcet ſtrain
The fingers that its liberty regain.